

THE HISTORY OF Antonio and Mellida.

The first part.

*As it hath beene sundry times acted,
by the children of Paules.*

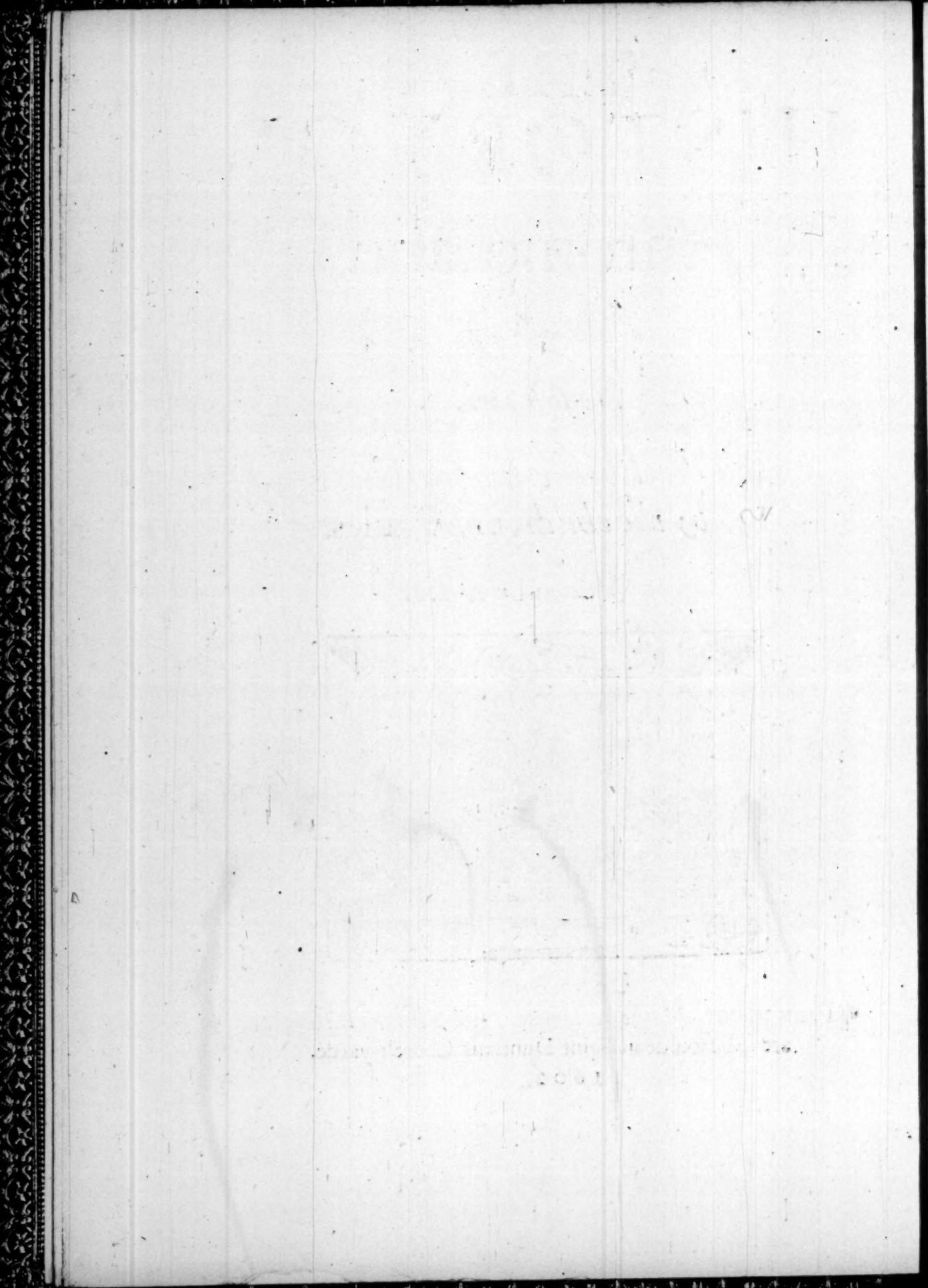
Written by I. M.

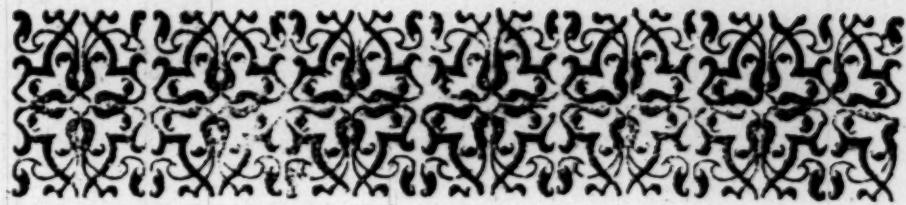


L O N D O N

¶Printed for Mathewe Lownes, and Thomas Fisher, and
are to be soulde in Saint Dunstans Church-yarde.

1602.





To the onely rewarder, and most iust
poiser of vertuous merits, the most hono-
rably renowned No-body, bountious Me.

*cænas of Poetry, and Lord Protector
of oppressed innocence,
Do, Dedicoque.*

SINC E it hath flow'd with the current of my
humorous bloode, to affect (a little too much)
to be seriously fantasticall: here take(most re-
pected Patron) the worblisse present of my
slighter idlenes. If you vouchsaf not his protectiō
then, O thou sweetest perfectiō (Female beautie) shield mee
from the stopping of vineger bottles. Which most wished fa-
vour if it faile me; then, Sine quo flectere superos, A-
cheronta mouebo. But yet, Honours redeemer, vertues
aduancer, religions shelter, and pieties fosterer, Yet, yet
I faint not in despair of thy gratiouſe affection & protection:
to which I onely shall ever rest most scrwing manlike, obsequi-
ously making legs, and standing (after our free-borne English
garbe) bare headed.

Thy onely affied slauē, and admirer;

I M.

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z. 5. 16

18. 11. 1860. v. II.

z. A

The Play called Antonio and Mellida.

Induction.

¶ Enter Galeazzo, Piero, Alberto, Antonio, Forobosco, Balurdo, Malzagente, & Feliche, with parts in their hands: having cloakes cast ouer their apparell.

O me sirs, come: the musique will sounde straight for entrance. Are yee readie, are yee perfect?

Pier. Faith, we can fay our parts: but wee are ignorant in what mould we must cast our Actors.

Albert. Whome doe you personate?

Pie, Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O, ho: then thus frame your exterior shape,
To hautie forme of elate maiestie;
As if you held the palsey shaking head
Of freeling chaunce, vnder your fortunes belt,
In strictest vassalage: growe big in thought,
As twolne with glory of succesfull armes.

Pie. If that be all, feare not, Ile sute it right.
Who can not be proud, stroak vp the haire, and strut!

Al. Truth: such ranke custome is growne popular;
And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalkes as proud, vpon the weakest stilts
Of the flight' st fortunes, as if Hercules,
Or burly Atlas sholdred vp their state.

Pi. Good: but whome act you?

Alb. The necessarie of the play forceth me to act two parts; Andruigo, the distressed Duke of Genoa, and Alberto, a Venetian gentleman, enamoured on the Ladie Rosaline whose fortunes being too weake to sustaine the port of her, he prou'd alwaies disastrous in loue: his worth being much vnderpoised by the vne-

The first part of

uen scale, that currants all thinges by the outwardē
stamp of opiniō. Gal. Wel, and what dost thou play?

Ba. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Bal. The foole. I in good deede law now, I play Ba-
lurdo, a wealthie mountbanking Burgomasco's heire
of Venice.

Alb. Ha, ha: one, whose foppish nature might seem
great, only for wise mens recreation; and, like a huic-
lesse barke, to preserue the sap of more strenuous spi-
rits. A seruile hounde, that loues the sent offorern-
ning fashion, like an emptie hollow vault, still giuing
an echo to wit: greedily champing what any other
well valued iudgement had before hand shew'd.

Foro. Ha,ha,ha: tolerably good, good faith sweet wag.

Alb. Vmh, why tolerably good, good faith sweet wag?
Go, goe; you flatter me.

Foro. Right; I but dispose my speach to the habit of
my part. Alb. Why, what plaies he? To Foliothe!

Fe. The wolfe, that eats into the breast of Princes; that
breeds the Lethargy and falling sicknesse in honour;
makes Justice looke asquint, and blinks the eye of me-
rited rewarde from viewing deserfull vertue.

Alb. Whars all this Periphrasis? ha?

Fe. The substance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O, doth he play Forobosco, the Parasite! Good i-
faith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight
in outward semblance, as a Ladies buske; though in-
wardly, as croesse as a paire of Tailors legs: hauing a
tongue as nimble as his needle, with seruile patches of
glauering flattery, to stitch vp the bracks of vnworthi-
ly honourd.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fo. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee
prooue the very Perewig to couer the balde pate of
brainelesse gentilitie.

Ho. I will so tickle the sense of *bella graciofa madonna*,
with the titillation of Hyperbolicall praise, that Ilc
strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Fel. Thou promisest more, than I hope any Specta-
tor giues faith of performance: but why looke you so
duskie? ha?

To Antonio.

Ant. I was never worse fittred since the nativitie of my
Actorshippe: I shal be hyst at, on my life now.

Fel. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an Hermaphrodite; two
parts in one: my true person being *Antonio*, son to the
Duke of Genoa; though for the loue of *Mellida*, *Pieros*
daughter, I take this fained presence of an *Amazon*, cal-
ling my selfe *Florizell*, and I know not what. I a voice
to play a lady! I shall neare doe it.

Al. O, an *Amazon* should haue such a voice, *virago-*
like. Not play two parts in one? away, away: tis com-
mon fashion. Nay if you cannot bear two subtle frōts
vnder one hood, Ideot goe by, goe by; off this worlds
stage. O times impuritie!

An. I, but whē vte hath taught me actio, to hit the right
point of a Ladies part, I shall growe ignorant when I
must turne young Prince againe, how but to trusse my
hose. (breaches still.)

Fel. Tush never put them off: for women weare the

Nat. By the bright honour of a *Millanoise*, and the re-
splendent fulgor of this steele, I will defende the femi-
nines to deare; and ding his spirit to the verge of hell,
that dares disluge a Ladies preudice. *Exit Ant. & Al.*

Fel.

The first part of

Fel Rampum scrampum, mount tuftie Tamburlaine.
What rattling thunderclappe breakes from his lips?

Alb. O, 'tis natuie to his part. For, acting a moderne
Bragadoch vnder the person of *Matzagente*, the Duke of
Millaines sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fa-
shion of coherence!

Pie. But me thinks he speakes with a spruce Attick ac-
cent of adulterate Spanish.

Al. So 'tis resolu'd. For, *Millane* being halfe Spanish,
halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chi-
fest houses, is corrupt and mungrel'd: so that you shal
see a fellow vaine-glorious, for a Spaniard; gluttonous,
for a Dutchman; proud, for an Italian; and a fantastick
Ideot, for all. Such a one concept this *Matzagente*.

Fe. But I haue a part allotted mee, which I haue nei-
ther able apprehension to concept, nor what I con-
ceipt gratiouse abilitie to vtter. (of thy spirit.

Gal. VWhoop, in the old cut: good shew vs a draught

Fel. Tis steddie, and must set me so impregnably
fortrest with his own cōtent, that no euilious thought
could euer inuade his spirit: neuer surveying any man
so vnmeasuredly happy, whome I thought not iustly
hatefull for some true impouerishment: neuer behol-
ding any fauour of Madam *Felicity* gracing another,
which his well bounded content perswaded not to
hang in the front of his owne fortune: and therefore
as farre from enuying any man, as he valued all men
infinitely distant from accomplishat beatitude. These
natuie adiuncts appropriate to me the name of *Feli-
che*. But last, good thy humour. *Exit Alb.*

A. Tis to be describ'd by signes & tokens. For vnlesse I
were possest with a legio of spirits, tis impossible to be
made per-

Antonio and Mellida.

perspicuous by any vtterance: For sometimes he must take austere state, as for the person of *Galeazzo*, the sonne of the duke of *Florence*, & possesse his exterious presence with a formall maiestie : keepe popularitie in distance, and on the suddain fling his honour so prodigally into a common Arme, that hee may seeme to giue vp his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar cēsure: Now as solemne as a trauailer, and as graue as a Puritanes ruffe : with the same b̄reath as flight and scattered in his fashion as as as a any thing. Now, as sweet and neat as a Barbours casting-bottle; straight as flouenly as the yeasty breast of an Ale-knight: now, lamenting: then chasing: straight laughing: then

Feli. What then?

Anto. Faith I know not what: 'tad bene a right part for *Proteus* or *Gew*: ho, blinde *Gew* would ha don't rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not possible to limme so many persons in so small a tablet as the compasse of our playes afford.

Anto. Right: therefore I haue heard that those persons, as he & you *Feliche*, that are but slightly drawen in this Comedie, should receive more exact accomplishment in a second Part: which, if this obtaine gracious acceptance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue, cleare the Stage.

Exeunt.

B

The

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The first Parte of

¶ The Prologue.

THE wreath of pleasure, and delicious sweetes,
Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope:
Select, and most respeted Auditours,
For wits sake doe not dreame of miracles.
Alas, we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad waight of an vnused hope,
Upon our weakenesse: onely we giue vp
The woorthlesse present of flight idlenesse,
To your authentick censure; Othat our Muse
Had those abstruse and synowy faculties,
That with a straine of fresh inuention
She might presse out the raritie of Art;
The purſt elixed ioyce of rich conceipt,
In your attentiuе eares; that with the lip
Of gratiouſ elocution, we might drinke
A ſound carouſe vnto your health of wit.
But O, the heathy drynesſe of her braine,
Foyle to your fertile ſpirits, is ashameſd
To breath her blushing numbers to ſuch eares:
Yet(most ingenious)deigne to vaile our wants;
With ſlecke acceptance, poſh these rude Sceanes:
And if our ſlightneſſe your large hope beguiles,
Check not with bended brow, but dimpled ſmiles.

Exit Prologue.

ACT.

Antonio and Mellida.

ACTVS PRIMVS

¶ The Corners sound a battle within.

¶ Enter Antonio, disguised like an Amazon.

An. **H**EART, wilt not break! & thou abhorred life
Wilt thou still breath in my enraged bloud?
Vaines, synewes, arteries, why crack yee not?
Burst and diuul'st, with anguish of my griefe.
Can man by no meanes creepe out of himselfe,
And leaue the slough of viperous griefe behinde?
Antonio, hast thou seene a fight at sea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doome;
Betwixt thy father, duke of *Genoa*,
And proud *Piero*, the *Venetian* Prince?
In which the sea hath swolne with *Genoas* bloud,
And made spring tydes with the warme reeking gore,
That gusht from out our Gallies scupper holes;
In which, thy father, poore *Andrugio*,
Lyes sunk, or leapt into the armes of chaunce,
Choakt with the laboring Oceans brackish fome;
Who euen, despite *Pieros* cancered hate,
VVould with an armed hand haue feiz'd thy loue,
And linkt thee to the beautious *Mellida*.
Haue I outliu'd the death of all these hopes?
Haue I felt anguish pourd into my heart,
Burning like *Balsamum* in tender wounds;
And yet dost liue! could not the fretting sea
Haue rowld me vp in wrinkles of his browe?

The first Parte of

Is death growen coy? or grim confusion nice?
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on *Venice* shoare?
And try new fortunes with this strange disguise?
To purchase my adored *Mellida*.

The Cornets sound a flourish: cease.

Harke how *Piero's* triumphs beat the ayre,
O rugged mischiefe how thou grast my heart!
Take spirit, blood, disguise, be confident:
Make a firme stand, here rests the hope of all,
Lower then hell, there is no depth to fall.

The Cornets sound a Synnet: Enter Feliche and Alberto,
Castilio and Forobosco, a Page carrying a shield: Piero
in Armour: Catzo and Dildo and Balurdo: All these
(sauing Piero) armed with Petronels: Beeing entred,
they make a stand in diuided foyles.

Piero. Victorious Fortune, with a ryumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth,
Whil'st the *Venetian* Duke is heaued vp
On wings offaire successe, to ouer-looke
The low cast ruines of his enemies,
To see my selfe ador'd, and *Genoa* quake,
My fate is firmer then mischance can shake.

Feli. Stand, the ground trembleth.

Piero. Hah? an earthquake?

Ball. Oh, I smell a sound.

Feli. Piero stay, for I descry a fume,
Creeping from out the bosome of the deepe,
The breath of darkenesse, fatall when 'tis whist

In

Antonio and Mellida.

In greatnes stomacke; this same smoake, call'd pride,
Take heede shee'le lift thee to improvidence,
And breake thy necke from steepe securitie,
Shee'le make thee grudge to let *Iehoua* share
In thy successefull battailes: O, shee's ominous,
Inticeth princes to deuour heauen,
Swallow omnipotence, out-stare dread fate,
Subdue *Eternitie* in giant thought,
Heaues vp their hurt with swelling, pufte conceit,
Till their soules burst with venom'd *Arrogance*;

Beware *Piero, Rome* it selfe hath tried,

Confusions traine blowes vp this *Babell* pride.

Pier. Pish, *Dimitto superos, summa votorum attigi.*

Alberto. hast thou yeelded vp our fixt decree

Vnto the *Genoan Embassadour?*

Are they content if that their duke returne,

To send his, and his sonne *Antonios* head,

As pledges steep't in bloud, to gaine their peace?

Alb. With most obsequious, sleek-brow'd intertain,
They all embrace it as most gratious.

Pier. Are Proclamations sent through *Italy*,
That whosocuer brings *Andrugios* head,
Oryoung Antonios, shall be guerdoned
With twentie thousand double Pistolets,
And be indeened to *Pieros* loue?

Forob. They are sent every way: sound policy.
Sweete Lord.

Fel. Confusion to these limber Sycophants.
No sooner mischief's borne in regenty,
But flattery christens it with pollicy.

sacile.

Pier. Why.

The first Parte of

VVhy then : O me Celitum excelsissimum!
The intestine malice, and inueterate hate
I alwaies bore to that *Andrugio*,
Glories in triumph ore his misery:
Nor shall that carpet-boy *Antonio*
Match with my daughter, sweet cheekt *Mellida*.
No, the publick power makes my faction strong.
Fel. Ill, when publick power strēgthneth priuate wrōg.
Pie. Tis horse-like, not for man, to know his force.
Fel. Tis god-like, for a man to feele remorse.
Pie. Pish, I prosecute my families reuenge,
VVhich Ile pursue with such a burning chace
Till I haue dri'd vp all *Andrugios* bloud;
VVeake rage, that with slight pittie is withstoodc.

¶ The Cornets sound a florish.

VVhat meanes that fresh triumphall florish sound?
Alb. The prince of *Millane*, and young *Florence* heir
Approach to gratulate your victorie.
Pie. VVeale girt them with an ample waste of loue;
Conduct them to our presence royally.
Let vollies of the great Artillery
From of our gallies banks play prodigall,
And soūd lowd welcome frō their bellowing mouths.

Exit Piero tantum.

¶ The Cornets sound a Cynet. Enter above, *Mellida*, *Rosaline* and *Flavia*: Enter belowe, *Galeazzo* with atten-
dants: Piero meeteth him, embraceth; at which the Cor-
nets sound a florish: Piero and *Galeazzo* exeunt: the rest
stand still. (thers guard)
Mell. VVhat prince was that passed through my fa-
Fla.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fla. Twas *Galeazzo*, the young *Florentine*.

Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhead,

Enter the wals yfaith (sweet *Mellida*)

If that thy flankers be not Canon proofe.

Mell. Oli *Mary Ambree*, good, thy iudgement wench;
Thy bright electious cleere, what will he prooue?

Ros. Hath a short finger aud a naked chinne;
A skipping eye, dare lay my iudgement (faith)
His loue is glibbery; there's no hold ont, wench:
Giue me a husband whose aspect is firme,
A full cheekt gallant, with a bouncing thigh:
Oh, he is the *Paradizo dell madonne contento*.

Mell. Euen such a one was my *Antonio*.

¶ The Cornets sound a Cynet.

Rossa. By my nine and thirteth seruant (sweete)
Thou art in loue, but stand on tiptoed faire,
Here comes Saint *Tristram Tirlery* whiffe yfaith.

¶ Enter *Matzagenta*, Piero meetes him, embraceth; at which
the Cornets sound a florish: they two stand, vsing seeming
complementis, whilst the Sceane passeth aboue.

Mell. S. Marke, S. Marke, what kind of thing appears?

Ross. For fancies passion, spit vpon him; figh:
His face is varnisht: in the name of loue,
VVhat country bred that creature?

Mell. VVhat is he *Flavia*?

Fla. The heire of *Millane*, Segnior *Matzagenta*.

Ross. *Matzagenta*? now by my pleasures hope,
He is made like a tilting staffe; and lookest
For all the world like an ore-roasted pigge:
A great Tobacco taker too, that's flat.

The first Parte of

For his eyes looke as if they had bene hung
In the smoake of his nose.

Mell. What husband, wil he prooue sweete *Rosaline*?

Ross. Auoid him: for he hath a dwindled legge,
A lowe forehead, and a thinne cole-black beard,
And will be iealous too, beleue it sweete:
For his chin sweats, and hath a gander neck,
A thinne lippe, and a little monkish eye:
Pretious, what a slender waste he hath!
He lookes like a May-pole, or a notched stick:
Heele snap in two at euery little straine,
Giue me a husband that will fill mine armes,
Of steddie iudgement, quicke and nimble sense:
Fooles relish not a Ladies excellencye.

Exeunt all on the lower Stage: at which the Cornets sound a florish, and a peale of shot is giuen.

Mell. The tryumph's ended, but looke *Rosaline*,
What gloomy soule in strange accoustrements
Walkes on the pauement.

Rossa. Good sweete lets to her, pree the *Mellida*.

Mell. How couetous thou art of nouelties!

Rossa. Pish, tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.

Mell. I am exceeding willing, but ——————

Ross. But what? pree the goe downe, lets see her face:
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affections Adamants. *Exeunt*.
Anto. Come downe, she comes like: O, no Simile
Is pretious, choyce, or elegant enough
To illustrate her descent: leape heart, she comes,

She

Antonio and Mellida.

She comes: smile heauen, and softest Southern wind
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.
She comes: Creations puritie, admir'd,
Ador'd, amazing raritie, she comes.
O now *Antonio* presse thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heape vp thy powers, double all thy man-

¶ Enter *Mellida, Rossaline, and Flavia.*

She comes. O how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!
Mount bloode, soule to my lips, tast *Hebes* cup:
Stand firme on decke, when beauties close fight's vp.

Mel. Ladie, your strange habit doth beget
Our pregnant thoughts, euen great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.

Rossa. Good sweete Lady, without more ceremonies,
What country claims your birth, & sweet your name?

Anto. In hope your bountie will extend it selfe,
In selfe same nature of faire curtesie,
Ile shunne all niceenesse; my name's *Florizell*,
My country *Scythia*. I am *Amazon*,
Cast on this shore by furie of the sea. (names.)

Ross. Nay faith, sweete creature, weele not vaile our
It pleas'd the Font to dip me *Rossaline*:
That Ladie beares the name of *Mellida*,
The duke of *Venice* daughter.

Anto. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.

To *Mellida* kissing her hand.

Rossa. Now by my troth, I long beyond all thought,
To know the man; sweet beauty deigne his name.

C

Anto. Lady,

The first part of

Anto. Ladic, the circumstance is tedious.

Ros. Troth not a whit; good faire, lets haue it all:
I loue not, I, to haue a iot left out,
If the tale come from a lou'd Orator.

Anto. Vouchsafe me then your hush't obseruances.
Vehement in pursuite of strange nouelties,
After long trauaile through the *Asian* maine,
I shipt my hopefull thoughts for *Britany*;
Longing to viewe great natures miracle,
The glorie of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remorest eares with adoration.
Sayling some two monthes with inconstant winds,
We view'd the glistening *Venetian* forte;
To which we made; when loe, some three leagues off,
We might descry a horred spectacle:
The issue of black fury strow'd the sea,
With tattered carcasses of splitted ships,
Halfe sinking, burning, floating, topsie turuie.
Not farre from these sad ruines of fell rage,
We might behold a creature press'e the waues,
Senselesse he sprauld, all norcht with gaping woundes:
To him we made, and (short) we tooke him vp:
The first word that he spake was, *Mellido*,
And then he swouned.

Mell. Aye me!

Anto. Why figh you, faire?

Ros. Nothing but little humours; good sweet, on.

Anto. His woundes being drest, and life recovered,
We gan discouer; when loe, the sea grewe mad,
His bowels rumbling with winde passion,

Straight

Antonio and Mellida.

Straight swarthy darknesse pop't out Phæbas' eye,
And blurd the iocund face of bright chek't day; M
Whilst crud'l'd fogges masked eu'en darknesse brow:
Heauen bad's good night, and ther rocks gron'd
At the intestine vprore of the maine. A
Now gustie flawes strook vp the very heele
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre:
Straight chops a waue, and in his slifred panch
Downe fale our ship, and there he breaks his neck: T
Which in an instant vp was belte againe.
VVhen thus this martyrd soule began to sigh; A
Giue me your hand (quoth he) now do you grapse
Th'vnequall mirrour of raggid misery: u
Is't not a horrid storme? O, well shap't if sweete, (wounds,
Could your quicke eye strike through these gashed
You should beholde a heart, a heart, faire creature,
Raging more wilde then is this frantick sea. V
VVolt doe me a fauour, if thou chance surviuue?
But visit *Venice*, kisse the pretious white
Of my most; nay all all Epithites are base
To attribute to gratiouse *Mellida*.
Tell her the spirit of *Antonio*
VVisheth his last gaspe breath'd vpon her breast.
Rof. VVhy weepes lost hearted *Florisell*?
Ans. Alas, the flintie rocks groand at his plaints.
Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate sire
Hath crackt his bosome; therewithall he wept.
And thus sigh't on. The sea is merciful;
Looke how it gapes to bury all my griefe.

C2

VWell,

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The first part of

Well, thou shalt haue it; thou shalt be his tounbe:
My faith in my loue liue; in thee, dy woe,
Dye vnuatcht anguish, dye Antonio:
With that he totterd from the recling decke,
And downe he funke:

Ross. Pleasures bodie, what makes my Lady weep?

Mell. Nothing, sweet Rossaline, but the ayer's sharpe.
My fathers Palace, Madam, will be proud
To entertaine your presence, if youle daine
To make repose within. Ay me!

Ant. Ladie our fashion is not curious.

Ross. Faith all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mell. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,

What succour came, or what strange fate infew'd?

Ant. Most willingly: but this same court is vast,
And publike to the staring multitude.

Rossa. Sweet Lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
VVeele be bedfellowes: durt on complement froth.

Exeunt; Rossaline going Antonio the way.

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

Enter Caixo (with a Capon) eating, Dildo following him.

Dil. H A H Caixo, your master wants a cleane trencher: doe you heare?
Balurdocals for your diminutife attendance.

Caix. The belly hath no eares Dildo.

Dil. Good pugge giue me some capon.

Caix. No

Antonio and Mellida.

Cat. No capon, no not a bitte yee smooth bully; capon's no meat for *Dildo*: milke, milke, yee glibbery vrchin, is foode for infants.

Dil. Vpon mine honour

Cat. Your honour with a paugh? slid, now euery Iack an Apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour; euery Asse puts on the Lyons skinne and roars his honour, vpon your honour. By my Ladies pantable, I feare I shall liue to heare a Vintners boy cry; tis rich neat Canary, vpon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's vp.

Cat. I think thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of furie is lighted, fastned to the linstock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double couluering of my incensemement in the face of thy opprobrious speach.

Cat. Ile stop the barrell thus; god *Dildo*, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I wil eate to the health of the foole thy master *Castilio*.

Cat. And I will suck the iuyce of the capon, to the health of the Idiot thy master *Balurdo*.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of Rapiers sheathed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right dutch blades. But was't not rare sport at the sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roard from the ship fides, to viewe our masters pluck their plumes and droppe their feathers, for feare of being men of marke.

The first part of

Dill. Slud (cri'd Signior Balurdo) O for Don Bessicles
armour, in the Mirror of Knighthood: what coil's here?
O for an armour, Canon proofe: O, more cable, more
fetherbeds, more fetherbeds, more cable, till hee had
as much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

¶ Enter Flavia in haste, with a rebato.

Catz. Buxome Flania: can you sing? song, song.

Fla. My sweete Dildo, I am not for you at this time:
Madam Rossaline stayes for a fresh ruffe to appeare in
the presence: sweete away.

Dil. Twill not be so put off, delicate, delicious, spark
eyed, sleek skind, sléder wasted, clean legd; rarely shap't.

Fla. VVho, Ile be at all your seruice another season:
nay faith ther's reason in all things.

Dil. VVould I were reason then, that I might be in
all things.

Cat. The breefe and the semiquauer is, wee must
haue the descant you made vpon our names, ere you
depart.

Fla. Faith, the song will seeme to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth not a whit, if you seeme to come off
quickly.

Fla. Peart Catzo, knock it lustily then.

CANTANT.

¶ Enter Forobosco, with two torches: Castilio singing fan-
tastically: Rossaline running a Caranto pace, and Balur-
do: Feliche following, wondring at them all.

Foro. Make place gentlemen, pages, hold torches,
the prince approacheth the presence.

Dill. VVhat squeaking cart-wheel haue we here? ha?

Make

Antonio and Mellida.

Make place gentlemen, pages holde torches, the
prince approacheth the presence.

Rof. Faugh, what a strong sent's here, some bodie
w^teth to weare socks.

Bal. By this faire candle light, tis not my feete, I ne-
ver wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Rof. Sauourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galles off the skinne
with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse: by
sweetenesse, she is the very *Pallas* that flewe out of *In-*
piters braine pan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee
your seruice: by the puritic of bounty, I shall be proud
of such bondage.

Rof. I vouchsafe it; be my flau^e. *Signior Balurdo*, wilt
thou be my seruant too?

Ba. O god: forsooth in very good earnest, law, you wold
make me as a man should say, as a man should say.

Fe. Slud sweet beauty, will you deign him your seruice?

Rof. O, your foole is your only seruant. But good *Fe-*
liche why art thou so sad? a pennie for thy thought, mā.

Feli. I sell not my thought so cheap: I valewe my
meditation at a higher rate.

Bal. In good sober sadness, sweet misbris, you should
haue had my thought for a penny: by this crimson Sat-
ten that cost eleuen shillings, thirteene pence, thre^e
pence, halfe pennie a yard, that you should, law.

Rof. VVhat was thy thought, good seruant?

Ba. Marrie forsooth, hovv: manie strike of pease would
feed a hog fat against Christide.

Rof. Paugh, seruant rub out my rheum, it soiles the pre-

The first part of

Casti. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shoo
with an vnmeasured honour: I will preserue the foale
of it, as a most sacred relique, for this seruice.

Ross. Ile spit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to grace
thee.

Felich. O that the stomack of this queasie age
Digestes , or brookes such raw vnseasoned gobbs,
And vomits not them forth! O flauish sots.

Seruant quoth you? faugh: if a dogge should craue
And beg her seruice, he should haue it straight:
Sheed giue him fauours too; to lick her feete,
Or fetch her fanne, or some such drudgery:
A good dogs office, which these amorists
Tryumph of: tis rare, well giue her more Asse,
More sot, as long as dropping of her nose
Is sworne rich pearle by such low flauues as those.

Ross. Flavia, attend me to attire me.

Exit Rossaline and Flavia.

Balur. In sad good earnest, sir, you haue toucht the
very bare of naked truth; my silk stocking hath a good
glosse, and I thanke my planets , my legge is not alto-
gether vnpropitiously shap't. There's a word: vnpro-
pitiously? I thinke I shall speake vnpropitiously as well
as any courtier in *Italy*.

Foro. So helpe me your sweete bountyn, you haue the
most gracefull presence, applasive elecuyt , amazing
volubility, polisht adornation, delicious affabilitie.

Fel. Whop: futhow he tickles yon trout vnder the
gilles! you shall see him take him by and by, with gro-
ping flattery.

Foro. That

Antonio and Mellida.

Foro. That euer rauisht the eare of wonder. By your sweete selfe , then whome I knowe not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, a-dor'd, obserued, pretious, reall, magnanimous, bountious : if you haue an idle rich cast ierkin, or so , it shall not be cast away, if; hah? heres a forehead , an eye, a heade, a haire, that would make a : or if you haue any spare paire of siluer spurs, ile doe you as much right in all kinde offices

Fel. Of a kinde Parasite

Foro. As any of my meane fortunes shall be able to
Balur. As I am true Christian now, thou hast wonne
the spurres

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian louse;
A rotten maggot, that liues by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senselesse carion.

¶ Enter *Alberto*.

Alb. Gallants, saw you my mistresse, the Ladie *Ros-saline*?

Foro. My mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline*, left the presence euен now.

Casti. My mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline*, withdrew her gratiouſ aspect euен now.

Balur. My mistresse, the Ladie *Rossaline*, withdrew her gratiouſ aspect euен now.

Felich. Well said echo.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, and your mistresse, & the dogs mistresse: pretious dear heauen, that

D

Alberto

The first Parte of

Alberto liues, to haue such riuals.

Slid, I haue bin searching euery priuate rome,
Corner, and secret angle of the court:
And yet, and yet, and yet she liues conceal'd.
Good sweete *Feliche*, tell me how to finde
My bright fac't mistresse out.

Fel. Why man, cry out for lanthorne and candle-light. For tis your onely way, to finde your bright flaming wench, with your light burning torch: for most commonly, these light creatures liue in darknesse.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for

Fel. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the sent of your mistresse shooe; away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, aduance your lightes:

The Princesse makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good deede, law, you shal see me tickle the measures for the heauēs. Doe my hangers shewe?

¶ Enter *Piero*, *Antonio*, *Mellida*, *Rosaline*, *Galeazzo*, *Matzagente*, *Alberto*, and *Flavia*. As they enter, *Feliche*, & *Castilio* make a ranke for the Duke to passe through. *Forobosco* vshers the Duke to his state: then whilst *Piero* speakeþ his first speach, *Mellida* is taken by *Galeazzo* and *Matzagente*, to daunce; they supporting her: *Rosaline*, in like maner, by *Alberto* and *Balurdo*: *Flavia*, by *Feliche* and *Castilio*.

Pier. Beauti-

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. Beautious Amazon, sit, and seat your thoughts
In the reposure of most soft content.

Sound musick there. Nay daughter, cleare your eyes,
From these dull fogs of mistie discontent:
Look sprightly girl. What? though *Antonio*'s droun'd,
That peeuiish dotard on thy excellency,
That hated issue of *Andrugio*:

Yet maist thou triumph in my victories;
Since, loe, the high borne bloodes of Italy
Sue for thy seate of loue. *Let musique sound.*
Beautie and youth run descant on loues ground.

Matz. Ladie, erect your gratiouse summetry:
Shine in the spheare of sweete affection:
Your eye as heauie, as the heart of night.

Mell. My thoughts are as black as your bearde, my
fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs; and all the
powers of my minde, as leaden as your wit, and as
dustie as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith sweet, ile lay thee on the lips for that iest.

Mell. I pree thee intrude not on a dead mans right.

Gal. No, but the liuings iust possession.

Thy lips, and loue, are mine.

Mell. You nere tooke seizin on them yet: forbeare:
There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fild with deade *Antonios* losse.
Then vrge no more; O leaue to loue at all;
Tis lesse disgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent Ladie, daine your eare:
You see this blade, had it a courtly lip,
It would diuulge my valour, plead my loue,

D₂

Iustic

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The first Parte of

Iustle that skipping feeble amorist
Out of your loues seat ; I am *Matzagent.* (care

Gale. Harke thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweete
With that sots gabble ; By thy beautious cheeke,
He is the flagging' st bulrush that ere droopt
With each slight mist of raine. But with pleas'd eye
Smile on my courtshippe.

Me! What said you sir? alas my thought wax fixt
Upon another obiect. Good,forbear!
I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare!
Come,come,lets daunce. O musicke thou distill'st
More sweetnesse in vs then this iarring world:
Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath,
Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flowe
Nothing but timeless grieve, vnmeasured woe.

Anto. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins,
And cruddles thicke my blood,with boiling rage!
O eyes,why leape you not like thunderbolts,
Or canon bullets in my riuals face;
Oy me infeliche misero, o lamenteuol fato!

Alber. What meanes the Lady fal vpon the grouē?

Ross. Belike the falling sicknesse. (wilde:

Anto. I cannot brooke this sight, my thoughts grow
Here lies a wretch, on whome heauen neuer smilde.

Ross. What seruant,nere a word, and I here man?
I would shooe some speach forth,to strike the time
With pleasing touch of amorous complement.
Say sweete,what keepes thy minde, what think'st thou

Alb. Nothing.

on?

Rossa. Whats that nothing?

Alb. A

Antonio and Mellida.

Alb. A womans constancie.

Rossa. Good, why, would'st thou haue vs fluts, & never shift the vestur of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. O no, thart too constant to afflict my heart,
Too too firme fixed in vnmooued scorne.

Ross. Pish, pish; I fixed in vnmooued scorne?
Why, Ile loue thee to night.

Alb. But whome to morrow?

Ross. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.

Bal. And pleased the marble heauens, now would I
might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to con-
ceipt my my my : pray you giue in an Epithite for

Fel. Roaring, roaring. (loue.)

O loue thou hast murded me, made me a shadowe,
and you heare not *Balurdo*, but *Balurdos* ghost.

Rossa. Can a ghost speake?

Bal. Scuruily, as I doe.

Ross. And walke?

Bal. After their fashion.

Ross. And eate apples?

Bal. In a fort, in their garbe.

Feli. Pree thee *Flavia* be my mistresse.

Fla. Your reason, good *Feliche*?

Fel. Faith, I haue nineteene mistresses alreadie, and I
not much disdeigne that thou shold'st make vp the ful
score.

Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your
mistresses, to performe the office of memory by. Pray
you, in auncient times were not those satten hose? In
good faith, now they are new dyed, pinkt & scoured,

The first Parte of

they shewe as well as if they were new.

What, mute *Balurdo*?

Feli. I in faith, & twere not for printing, and painting,
my breech, and your face would be out of reparation.

Bal. I, an faith, and twere not for printing, & poin-
ting, my breech, and your face would be out of repa-
ration.

Fel. Good againe, Echo.

Fla. Thou art, by nature, too foule to be affected.

Feli. And thou, by Art, too faire to be beloued.
By wits life, most sparke spirits, but hard chance.

Laty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old; & downy sleep
Courts vs, to entertaine his company:
Our tyred lymbes, brus'd in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose.
Fill out Greeke wines; prepare fresh cressit-light:
Weele haue a banquet: Princes, then good night.

¶ *The Cornets sound a Synnet, and the Duke goes out in state. As they are going out, Antonio stayes Mellida: the rest Exeunt.*

(you?)

An. What meanes these scattered looks? why tremble
Why quake your thoughts, in your distracted eyes?
Collect your spirits, Madam; what doe you see?
Dost not beholde a ghost?
Look, look where he stalks, wrapt vp in clouds of grief,
Darting his sowle, vpon thy wondring eyes.
Looke, he comes towards thee; see, he stretcheth out
His

Antonio and Mellida.

His wretched armes to girt thy loued waste,
With a most wisht embrace: see'st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha, *Mellida*; thou wellmaist erre:
For looke; he walkes not like *Antonio*:
Like that *Antonio*, that this morning shone,
In glistering habilliments of armes,
To feize his loue, spight of her fathers spite:
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through,
With sinking griefe, rowld vp in seauen-sould doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable: harke, he speakes to thee.

Mell. Alas, I can not heare, nor see him.

Anto. Why? al this night about the roome he stalkt,
And groand, and houl'd, with raging passion,
To view his loue (lite blood of all his hopes,
Crownie of his fortunies) clipt by strangers armes.
Looke but behinde thee.

Mel. O, *Antonio*; my Lord, my Loue, my
An. Leauie passion, sweet, for time, place, aire, & earth,
Are all our foes: feare, and be icalous; faire,
Lets fly.

Mell. Deare heart, ha, whether?

Anto. O, tis no matter whether, but lets fly.
Ha! now I thinke ont, I haue nere a home:
No father, friend, no country to imbrace
These wretched limbcs: the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doite:
Onelie my head is hoised to high rate,
Worth twentic thousand double Pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.

The first Parte of

But come sweete creature, thou shalt be my home;
My father, country, riches, and my friend:
My all, my soule; and thou and I will liue:
(Lets thinke like what)and thou and I will liue
Like vnmatcht mirrors of calamitie.
The iealous care of night caue-drops our talke.
Holde thee, thers a iewell; & look thee, thers a note
That will direct thee when, where, how to fly;
Bid me adieu.

Mell. Farewell bleak misery.

Anto. Stay sweet, lets kisse before you goe.

Mel. Farewell deare soule.

Anto. Farewell my life, my heart.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

¶ Enter *Andrugio* in armour, *Lucio* with a sheepheard gowne in his hand, and a Page.

(flakes,

Andr. Is not yon gleame, the shuddering morne that
With siluer tintur, the east vierge of heauen?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellency.

Andr. Away, I haue no excellencye to please.

Pree the obserue the custome of the world,
That onely flatters greatnesse, States exalts.

And please my excellency! O *Lucio*.

Thou hast bin euer held respected deare,
Euen pretious to *Andrugios* in most loue.

Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giu'st not faith
That I am wretched, O read that, read that.

Picro

Antonio and Mellida.

SP
Piero Sforza, to the Italian
Princes, fortune.

EXCELLENT, the iust ouertbrome, Andrugio
tooke in the Venetian gulf, hath so assured the Geno-
wais of the iustice of his cause, and the hatefulnesse of his
person, that they haue banisht him and all his family: and,
for confirmation of their peace with vs, haue vowed, that if
he, or his sonne, can be attached, to send vs both their heads.
Wee therefore, by force of our united league, forbid you to
harbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend his person,
we intreat you to send him, or his head, to vs. For wee vowe
by the honour of our blood, to recompence any man that
bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double Pistollets,
and the indeering to our choyest loue.

From Venice: PIERO SFORZA.

Andr. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eates her children, shold not haue eyes & ears.
Philosophie maintaines that Natur's wife,
And formes no vselesse or vnperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me vp honour; and like a cunning Dutchmā,
Paints me a puppit euен with seeming breath,
And giues a sor appearance of a soule,
Goe to, goe to; thou liest Philosophy.

E

Nature

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The first part of

Nature formes things vnprefect, vselesse, vaine.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares?
That she might see desert, and heare mens plaints:
That when a soule is splitted, sunke with griefe,
He might fall thus, vpon the breast of earth;
And in her eare, halloo his misery:
Exclaiming thus. O thou all bearing earth, (mouths,
Which men doe gape for, till thou cranist their
And choakst their throts with dust: Ochaune thy brest,
And let me sinke into thee. Looke who knocks;
Andrugio cals. But O, she's deafe and blinde.
A wretch, but leane relieve on earth can finde.

Lu. Sweet Lord, abandon passion, and disarne.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are rowl'd vp, vpon the *Venice* marsh,
Lets clip all fortune, least more lowring fate

And. More lowring fate? O *Lucio*, choak that breath.
Now I defie chaunce. Fortunes browe hath frown'd,
Euen to the vtmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,
What sonne, what comfort that she can deprive?
Tryumphes not *Venice* in my ouerthrow?
Gapes not my natvie country for my blood?
Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine?
And yet more lowring fate! There's nothing left
Vnto *Andrugio*, but *Andrugio*:
And that nor mischief, force, distresse, nor hel can take.
Fortune my fortunes, not my minde shall shake.
Lu. Speake like your selfe: but giue me leauue, my Lord,
To wish your safetie. If you are but seene,

Your

Antonio and Mellida.

Your armes display you; therefore put them off,
And take (foes?)

*And. Would'st thou haue me go vnarm'd among my
Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combat with despaire and mightie griefe:
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha *Lucio*, goe vnarm'd?
Come soule, resume the valour of thy brith;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposits:
Ile muster forces, an vnuanquisht power:
Cornets of horse shall presse th'vngratefull earth;
This hollow wombed masse shall inly grone,
And murmur to sustaine the waight of armes:
Gastly amazement, with vpstarted haire,
Shall hurry on before, and vsher vs,
Whil'st trumpets clamour, with a sound of death.*

*Lu. Peace, good my Lord, your speach is al too light.
Alas, suruey your fortunes, looke what's left
Of all your forces, and your vtmost hopes?
A weake old man, a Page, and your poore selfe.*

*And. Andrugio liues, and a faire cause of armes,
Why that's an armie all invincible,
He who hath that, hath a battalion
Royal, armour of proofe, huge troupes of barbed steeds,
Maine squares of pikes, millions of harguebush.
O, a faire cause stands firme, and will abide.
Legions of Angels fight vpon her side.*

*Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide in strangedisguise,
Vnto some gratiouse Prince, and sojourne there,
Till time, and fortune giue reuenge firme meanes.*

The first part of

And. No, ile not trust the honour of a man:
Golde is growne great, and makes *perfidiousnesse*
A common water in most Princes Courts:
He's in the Chekle-roule: Ile not trust my blood;
I know none breathing, but will cogge a dye
For twentie thousand double Pistolets.
How goes the time?

Luc. I saw no sunne-to day.

And. No sun wil shine, where poor *Andrugio* breaths,
My soule growes heauie: boy let's haue a song:
Weele sing yet, faith, euen despite of fate.

CANTANT.

And. Tis a good boy, & by my troth, well sung.
O, and thou felt'st my grieve, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st haue strook diuision to the height,
And made the life of musick breath: hold boy: why so?
For Gods sake call me not *Andrugio*,
That I may soone forget what I haue bin.
For heauens name, name not *Antonio*;
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon sunne set, ile shew my selfe my selfe,
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke; that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter *Feliche* walking, unbrac't.

Fe. Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo? none vp?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thot it vp yet:
Then there's no Courtier stirring: that's firme truth?
I cannot sleepe: *Feliche* seldom rests

In

Antonio and Mellida.

In these court lodgings, I haue walke all night,
To see if the nocturnall court delights
Could force me enuie their felicitie:
And by plaine troth; I will confess plaine troth:
I enuie nothing, but the Trauense light.
O, had it eyes, and cares, and tongues, it might
See sport, heare speach of most strange surquedries.
O, if that candle-light were made a Poet,
He would prooue a rare firking Satyrist,
And drawe the core forth of impostum'd sin.
Well, I thanke heauen yet, that my content
Can enuie nothing, but poore candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glisten in the tyer of the Court,
Praise God, I eyther hate, or pittie them.
Well, here ile sleepe till that the sceane of vp
Is past at Court. O calme husht rich content,
Is there a being blessednesse without thee? (rest)
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast.

¶ Enter Castilio and his Page: Castilio with a casting bottle
of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.

Cast. Am not I a most sweete youth now?

Cat. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd; your verie
Doe smell of Amber greece. O stay sir, stay; (words
Sprinkle some sweete water to your shooes heeles,
That your mistresse may swear you haue a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing passing good.

The first part of

Fel. Fust, what trebble minikin squeaks there, ha? good?
very good, very very good?

Casti. I will warble to the delicious concave of my
Mistresse eare: and strike her thoughts with
The pleasing touch of my voice.

CANTANT.

Cast. Feliche, health, fortune, mirth, and wine,

Fel. To thee my loue diuine.

Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.

Fel. Plague on thee for an Asse.

Cast. Now thou hast seene the Court; by the perfec-
tion of it, dost not enuie it?

Fel. I wonder it doth not enuie me.

Why man, I haue bene borne vpon the spirits wings,
The soules swift *Pegasus*, the fantasie:
And from the height of contemplation,
Haue view'd the feeble ioynts men totter on.
I enuie none; but hate, or pittie all.

For when I viewe, with an inteniuie thought,
That creature faire; but proud; him rich, but sot:
Th'other wittie; but vnmeasured arrogant:

Him great; yet boundlesse in ambition:

Him high borne; but of base life: to ther feard;

Yet feared feares, and fears most, to be most loued:

Him wise; but made a foole for publick vse:

Th'other learned, but selfe-opinionate:

When I discourse all these, and see my selfe

Nor faire, nor rich, nor wittie, great, nor fear'd:

Yet

Antonio and Mellida.

Yet amply fured, with all full content:
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing vp
A gratefull spirit to omnipotence!

Cast. Ha, ha : but if thou knew'st my happinesse,
Thou wouldst euen grate away thy soule to dust,
In enuy of my sweete beatitude:
I can not sleepe for kisses ; I can not rest
For Ladies letters, that importune me
With such vnused vehemence of loue,
Straight to solicit them, that

Feli. Confusion seize me, but I thinke thou lyest.
Why should I not be sought to then aswell?
Fut, me thinks, I am as like a man,
Troth, I haue a good head of haire, a cheeke
Not as yet wan'd ; a legge, faith, in the full.
I ha not a red beard, take not tobacco much:
And S'lid, for other parts of manlinesse

Cast. Pew waw, you nere accounted them in
pompe:
Put your good parts in presence, gratisly.
Ha, and you had, why they would ha come of, sprung
To your armes: and su'd, and prai'd, and vow'd;
And opened all their sweetnesse to your loue.

Feli. There are a number of such things, as then
Haue often vrg'd me to such loose beliefe:
But S'lid you all doe lye, you all doe lie.
I haue put on good cloathes, and sinugd my face,
Strook a faire wench, with a smart speaking eye:
Courted in all sorts, blunt, and passionate;

The first part of

Had opportunitie put them to the ah:
And, by this light, I finde them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable; perchance a kisse, or so:
But for the rest, O most inexorable.

Cast. Nay then ifaith, pree thee looke here.

¶ She w̄es him the superscription of a seeming Letter.

Fel. To her most esteemed, lou'd, and generous seruant, Sig.
Castilio Balthazar.

Pree the from whome comes this? faith I must see.

*From her that is deuoted to thee, in most priuate sweetes of
loue; Rossaline.*

Nay, god's my comfort, I must see the rest;
I must, sans ceremonie, faith I must.

Feliche takes away the letter by force.

Cast. O, you spoyle my ruffe, vnset my haire; good
away.

Fel. Item for strait canuas, thirteene pence, halfe
penny. Item for an elle and a halfe of taffata to couer
your olde canuas dubblet, foureteen shillings, & three
pence. S'light, this a tailors bill.

Cast. In sooth it is the outside of her letter; on which
I tooke the copie of a tailors bill.

Dil. But tis not crost, I am sure of that. Lord haue
mercie on him, his credit hath giuen vp the last gaspe.
Faith ile leau him; for hee lookes as melancholy as
a wench the first night she *Exit.*

Feli. Honest musk-cod, twill not be so stitched toge-
ther; take that, and that, and belie no Ladies loue:
sweare no more by Iesu: this Madam, that Ladie;
hence goe, forswearre the presence, trauaile threc years

Antonio and Mellida.

to bury this bastinado; auoide, puffe pastē, auoide.

Cast. And tell not my Ladie mother. Well, as I am true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessing, not to spoyle my face; if I could not finde in my heart to fight, would I might nere eate a Potatoe pye more.

TEnter Balurdo, backward; Dildo following him with a looking glasse in one hand, & a candle in the other hand: Flavia following him backward, with a looking glasse in one hand, and a candle in the other; Rossaline following her. Balurdo and Rossaline stand setting of faces: and so the Sceane begins.

Fel. More foole, more rare fooles! O, for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to acte these fooles! Here might be made a rare Scene of folly, if the plat could beare it.

Bal. By the furer-candy sky, holde vp the glasse higher, that I may see to sweare in fashion. O, one loofe more would ha made them shine; gods neakes, they would haue shone like my mystresse browe. Euen so the Duke frownes for all this Cursond world: oh that gerne kils, it kils. By my golden What's the richest thing about me?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold vp; that I may put in bold vp, I say, that I may see to put on my gloves.

Dil. O, delicious sweet cheekt master, if you discharge but one glance from the leuell of that set face: O, you will strike a wench; youle make any wench loue you.

F

Balur. By

The first Parte of

Balur. By Iesu, I think I am as elegant a Courtier,
as How lik'st thou my swite?

Catz. All, beyond all, no peregal: you are wondred at,
for an asse.

Bal. Well, Dildo, no christen creature shall knowe
hereafter, what I will doe for thee heretofore.

Ros. Here wants a little white, Flavia.

Dil. I, but master, you haue one little falt; you sleepe
open mouth'd.

Ball. Pewe, thou iestst. In good sadness, Ile haue a
looking glasse nail'd to the the testarn of the bed, that
I may see when I sleep, whether tis so, or not; take heed
you lye not: goe to, take heede you lie not.

Fla. By my troth, you looke as like the princesse, now
I, but her lip is lip. Is a little redder, a very little
redder: but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I chāge
my perewigge, mine shall be as red

Fla. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of
your bodie, that wanton dandling of your fan, becomis
prethely, so sweetly, tis eu'en the goodest Ladie that
breathes, the most amiable Faith the fringe of
your sattin peticote is ript. Good faith madam, they say
you are the most bounteous Lady to your women, that
cuer O most delitious beautie! Good Madam
let me kith it.

¶ Enter Piero.

Feli. Rare sport, rare sport! A female foole, and a few
male flatterer,

Ross. Bodie a mee, the Duke: away the glasse.

Pic. Take vp your paper, Rosaline.

Ross. Noz

Antonio and Mellida.

Rossa. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Ladie? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my sweete mistresse? O Ladie deare, euen as tis an olde say, Tis an old horse can neither wighy, nor wagge his taile: euen so doe I holde my set face still: euen so, tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose.

Pie. Meet me at *Abrahams*, the Lewes, where I bought my Amazons disguise. A shippe lies in the port, ready bound for England; make haste, come priuate.

¶ Enter *Castilio, Forobosco*.

Antonio, Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balurdo? run, keepe the Palace, post to the ports, goe to my daughters chamber: whether now? scud to the Lewes, stay, runne to the gates, stop the gundolets, let none passe the marsh, doe all at once. *Antonio?* his head, his head. Keep you the Court, the rest stand still, or runne, or goe, or shoute, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or doe doe doe, su su su, sumthing: I know not who who who , what I do do do , nor who who who , where I am:

*O trista traditriche, rea yibalda fortuna,
Negando mi vindetta mi causa sera morte.*

Fel. Ha ha ha. I could breake my spleene at his impatience.

Anto. Alma & graticosa fortuna fiate fauorevole,
Et fortunati siano vno si del mia dulce *Mellida, Mellida.*

Mel. Alas *Antonio*, I haue lost thy note.

The first Parte of

A number mount my staires; ile straight returne.

Fel. Antonio,

Be not affright, sweete Prince; appease thy feare,
Buckle thy spirits vp, put all thy wits
In wimble action, or thou art surpriz'd.

Anto. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or

Anto. Both, both, all, all: I pree thee let mee ly;
Spite of you all, I can, and I will dy.

Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath.

An. Each man take hence life, but no man death:
Hee's a good fellow, and keepes open house:
A thousand thousand waies lead to his gate,
To his wide mouth'd porch: when niggard life doth
Hath but one little, little wicket through.
We wring our selues into this wretched world,
To pule, and weepe, exclaine, to curse and raile,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth
As I doe now. *Antonio*, curse thy birth,
And die.

Fel. Nay, heauens my comfort, now you are peruerses;
You know I alwaies lou'd you; pree thee liue.
Wilt thou strike deade thy friends, drawe mourning
teares

An. Alas, *Feliche*, I ha nere a friend;
No country, father, brother, kinsman left
To weepe my fate, or sigh my funerall:
I roule but vp and downe, and fill a seat
In the darke caue of dusky misery.

Feli. Foreheauen, the Duke comes: hold you, take my

Slinke

Antonio and Mellida.

Slinke to my chamber, looke you; that is it: There shall you finde a suite I wore at sea: Take it, and slippe away. Nay, pretious, If youle be peevish, by this light, Ile sweare, Thou rail'dst vpon thy loue before thou dyedst, And call'd her strumpet.

Ant. Sheele not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one; ile defame thy loue; And make thy deade trunke held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs have it so? why then *Antonio*,
Vive esperanza, in despetto aell fato.

¶ Enter *Piero, Galenzzo, Matzagenie, Forobosco, Baldurdo, and Castilio*, with weapons.

Piero. O, my sweet Princes, was't not brauely found? Euen there I found the note, euen there it lay. I kisse the place for joy, that there it lay. This way he went, here let vs make a stand: Ile keepe this gate my selfe: O gallant youth! Ile drinke caroule vnto your countries health,

¶ Enter *Antonio*.

Euen in *Antonio's* foote. Lord blesse vs: his breath is more fearefull then a Sergeants voice, when he cries, Larrest.

Ant. Stoppe *Antonio*, keepe, keepe *Antonio*.

Piero. Where, where man, where?

Ant. Here, here: let me me pursue him: dawne the marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundellet;

Ant. Bring

The first Parte of

Bring me his head,his head, and by mine honour,
Ile make thee the wealthiest Mariner that breathes.

Anto. Ile sweate my blode out,till I haue him safe.

Pie. Speake heartily ifaith,good Mariner.

O, wee will mount in triumph:soone,at night,
Ile set his head vp.Lets thinke where,

Bal. Up on his shoulders,that's the fittest place for
it.If it be not as fit as if it were made for them;say,
Balurdo,thou art a sor,an asse.

¶ Enter Mellida in Pages attire,dancing.

Pie. Sprightly,ifaith.In troth he's somewhat like
My daughter *Mellida*: but alas poore soule,
Her honour heelest,god knowes,are halfe so light.

Mel. Escap't I am,spite of my fathers spight.

Pie. Ho,this will warne my bosome ere I sleepe.

¶ Enter Flavia running.

Fla. O my Lord,your daughter.

Pie. I,I,my daughter's safe enough,I warrant thee.
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My daies vnmeasuredly.

It shall be chronicled,time to come;

Piero Sforza slewe *Andrugio's* sonne.

Fla. I,but my Lord,your daughter.

Pie. I,I,my good wench,she is safe enough.

Fla. O,then,my Lord,you know she's run away.

Pie. Run away,away,how run away? (ther.

Fla. She's vanish't in an instant,none knowes who-

Pie. Pursue,pursue,fly,run,post,scud away.

¶ *Feliche sing; And was not good king Salomon.*
Fly,call,run,rowe,ride,cry,shout,hurry,haste:

Haste

Antonio and Mellida.

Haste, hurry, shout, cry, ride, rowe, run, call, fly
Backward and forward, euery way about.

Maledicta fortuna tibi condura sorta
Che faro, che dirò, pur fugir tanto mal!

Cast. Twas you that struck me cuen now: was it not?

Fel. It was I that struck you cuen now.

Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.

Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it.

Cast. Faith sir, I haue the richest Tobacco in the court
for you; I would be glad to make you satisfaction, if I
haue wronged you. I would not the Sun should set v-
pon your anger; give me your hand.

Fel. Content faith, so thou'l breede no more such
I haue not man, but mans lewd qualities.

ACT VS. QVARTVS.

¶ Enter Antonio, in his sea gowne running.

Ani. STOP, stop Antonio, stay Antonio,
Vaine breath, vaine breath, Antonio's lost,
He can not finde himselfe, nor seize himselfe.
Alas, this that you see, is not Antonio, the fairest sonne O
His spirit houers in Purgatory, sum sonnes wond,
But poore, poore sonne, wanting apt instruments,
To apprehend the sight of Mellida. But if he could
But poore, poore sonne, wanting apt instruments,
To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,
Roul'd vp in gloomye clouds as blacke as ayre,麒麟
Through which the mystic coach of Night is drawne:
This is the greate you iustice that is losse from a good man.

The first Parte of

Conceipt your me. As hauing clasp't a rose yester day, off is he
Within my paime, the rose being tane away,
My hand retaines a little breath of sweete:
So may mans trunke; his spirit slipt awaie,
Holds still a faint perfume of his sweet ghest.
Tis so; for when discursive powers stirre out,
Androme in progresse, through the boundes of heauen,
The soule it selfe gallops along with them,
As chieftaine of this winged eroope of thought,
Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste,
Vntill the soule returne from What wast I said?
O, this is naught, but speckling melancholie.
I haue beeene and good actions of this innoocent
That Morpheus tender skimp Cosen germane
Beare with me good
Mellida: clod vpon clod thus fall.
Hell is beneath, yet heauen is ouer all.

BY T.O.A
¶ Enter Andrugio, Lycia, Gole, and Norwod.

And. Come Lycia, lets goe eat: what hast thou got?
Rootes, rootes? alas, they are seeded, new cut vp.
O, thou hast wronged Nature, Lycio:
But bootes not much, thou but pursu'ſt the world,
That cuts off vertue, for it comes to growth,
Leaſt it ſhould ſeed, and ſo overrun her ſonne,
Dull pore-blinde error. Giue me water, boy.
There is no poifer, in's I hope, they ſay
That lukes in mafis place: and yes the earth
Is ſo infected with a generall plague,
That hec's moſt wiſe, that thinks there's no man foolē;

Cou

E

Rights

Antonio and Mellida.

Right prudent, that esteemes no creature iust:
Great policy the least things to mistrust.

Give me Assay How we mock greatnesse now!

Lu. A strong concept is rich, so most men deeme:
If not to be, tis comfort yet to see me.

And. Why man, I never was a Prince till now.

Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Guilt tipstaues, Tyrrian purple, chaires of state,
Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In greatnesse summer, that confirme a prince:
Tis not the vnsauory breath of multitudes,
Showting and clapping, with confused dinne;
That makes a Prince. No *Lucio*, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares doe aught, saue wrong,
Feares nothing mortall, but to be vnjust,
Who is not blowne vp with the flattering pusses
Of spungy Sycophants: Who stands vnmou'd,
Despight the iusting of opinion:
Who can enjoy himselfe, maugre the throng
That striue to presse his quiet out of him:
Who sits vpon *Jones* footestoole, as I doe,
Adoring, not affecting, maiestie:
Whose brow is wreathed with the siluer crowne
Of cleare content: this, *Lucio*, is a king.
And of this empire, euery man's possesst,
That's worth his soule.

Lu. My Lord, the *Genowaines* had wont to say

And. Name not the *Genowaines*: that very word
Vnkings me quite, makes me vile passions slaye.
O, you that made open the glibbery Icc

G

Of

17472

The first part of
Of vulgar fauour, yiewe Andrugio.
Was never Prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of tryumph launched out
Into the surgy maine of government:
Was never Prince with more despight cast out,
Left shipwrackt, banisht, on more guiltlesse ground.
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude,
How you stil double, faulter, vnder the lightest chance
That straines your vaines. Alas, one battle lost,
Your whorish loue, your drunken healths, your houts
and shouts,
Your smooth Godfauc's, and all your diuelslast
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spis on me *Lucio*, for I am turnd slauē:
Obserue how passion demincers ore me.
Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, hauing lost a sonne,
A country, crowne, and
And. I *Lucio*, hauing lost a sonne, a sonne,
A country, house, crowne, sonne. *O lares, misereri lares,*
Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne,
My deare sweete boy, my deare *Antonio*.

Ant. Antonio!

And. I, eccho, I; I meane *Antonio*.

Ans. Antonio, who meaneſ *Antonio*?

And. Where art: what art? know'ſt thou *Antonio*?

Ant. Yes.

And. Liues hee?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies hee deader?

Ant. Here.

And.

Antonio and Mellida.

And. Where?

Ant. Here.

Andr. Art thou Antonio?

Ant. I thinke I am.

(selfe)

And. Dost thou but think? What, dost not know thy

Ant. He is a foole that thinks he knowes himselfe.

And. Vpon thy faith to heauen, giue thy name.

Ant. I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,

If I denied my name's Antonio.

*And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name Andrugio.*

*And dost thou liue? O, let me kisse thy cheeke,
And deaw thy browe with trickling drops of ioy.
Now heauens will be done: for I haue liu'd
To see my ioy, my sonne Antonio.*

*Giue me thy hand; now fortune doe thy worst,
His blood, that lapt thy spilit in the wombe,
Thus (in his loue) will make his armes thy tombe.*

*Ant. Bleste not the bodie with your twining armes,
Which is accurst of heauen. O, what black sinne
Hath bin committed by our auntient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights vpon our heads,
That thus the world, and fortune casts vs out,
As loathed obiects, ruines branded slaues.*

*And. Doe not expostulate the heauens will:
But, O, remember to forget thy selfe:
Forget remembrance what thou once haft bin.
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.
Euen trees haue tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raigne of our house, my boy:*

The first part of

Which fortune will not enuie,tis so meane,
And like the world(all durt)there shalt thou rippe
The inwards of thy fortunes,in mine eares,
Whilst I sit weeping,blinde with passions teares:
Then ile begin, and weeke such order keepe,
That one shall still tell greeves, the other weepe.

¶ Exit Andrugio, leaving Antonio, and his Page.

Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, pree thee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this colde marshe,
Wherin we lurke have not corrupted it.

¶ Enter Mellida, standing out of sight, in her Pages suite.
I pree thee sing, but firra(marke you me)
Let each note breath the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extreamest griefe.
Make me a straine; speake, groning like a bell,
That towles departing soules.
Breath me a point that may inforce me weepe,
To wring my hands,to breake my cursed breast,
Raue, and exclaime, lie groueling on the earth,
Straight start vp frantick,crying, *Mellida*.
Sing but, *Antonio* hath lost *Mellida*,
And thou shalt see mee(like a man possest)
Howle out such passion,that even this brinish marsh
Will squeeze out teares,from out his spungy cheeke,
The rocks euен groane, and
Pree thee,pree thee sing:
Or I shall nere ha done when I am in.
Tis harder for me end,then to begin.

¶ The boy runnes a noise, *Antonio* breakes it.
For looke thee boy,my grieve that hath no end,

Antonio and Mellida.

I may begin to playne, but pree thee sing,

CANTANT.

Mell. Heauen keepe you sir.

An. Heauen keepe you from me, sir.

Mell. I must be acquainted with you, sir.

Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with misery,
Sear'd with the anguish of calamitie?

Art thou true sorrow, hearty griefe, canst weepe?
I am not for thee if thou canst not rauue,

¶ Antonio falleth on the ground.

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaine on heauen;
O trifling Nature, why enspiredst thou breath

Mell. Stay sir, I thinke you named *Mellida*.

Ant. Know'st thou *Mellida*?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Hast thou seene *Mellida*?

Mell. Yes.

Ant. Then hast thou seene the glory of her sex,
The musick of Nature, the vnequall'd lustre
Of vnmatched excellencie, the vnted sweete
Of heauens graces, the most adored beautie,
That euer strooke amazement in the world.

Mell. You seeme to loue her.

Ant. With my very soule.

Mell. Shidle not require it: all her loue is fixt
Vpon a gallant, on *Antonio*,
The Duke of *Genoas* sonne. I was her Page:
And often as I waited, she would sigh;

The first part of

O, deere Antonio; and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my neck, and kisse, and kisse me thus.
Therefore leue louing her: fa, faith me thiriks,
Her beautie is not halfe so rauishing
As you discourse of; she hath a freckled face,
A lowe forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heauen, that I should heare such blasphemie,
Boy, rogue, thou liest, and
Spanieno dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di graua morte restore uero dolce Mellida,
Celesta saluatorice sourana Mellida
Del mio sperar, trofeo uero Mellida.

Mel. Dilessa & soaue anima mia Antonio,
Godeuole bellezza cor lese Antonio.
Signior mio & virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto dell'i mei sensi, car' Antonio.

Ant. O suamisce il cor in un soaue baccio,
Mel. Murono i sensi nel desuao dessia:
Ant. Nel Cielo puo lesser bella pia chiara.
Mel. Nel mondo pol esser bella pia chiara?
Ant. Dammi un baccio da quella bocca beata,
Bassiammi, coglier l'aura odorata
Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.

Mel. Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore
Che beame, cosempiterno honore,
Così, così mi conuerra morir.

Good sweet, scout ore the marsh: for my heart trembles
At euery little breath that strikes my eare,
When thou returnest: and ile discourse
How I deceiu'd the Court: then thou shall tell

How

Antonio and Mellida.

How thou escapt'st the watch: weeke point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing cōmaes, and euē suck
The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Ans. Dul clod, no man but such sweete fauour clips.
I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.
Turne coward in her sight? away, away.

I thinke confusion of *Babell* is falne vpon these louers,
that they change their language; but I feare mee, my
master hauing but fained the person of a woman, hath
got their vnfained imperfection, and is growne double
tongu'd: as for *Mellida*, she were no woman, if shee
could not yeelde strange language. But howsoever, if I
should sit in iudgement, tis an errour easier to be pa-
doned by the auditors, then excused by the authours;
and yet some priuate respect may rebate the edge of
the keener censure.

T Enter *Piero*, *Castilio*, *Metragente*, *Forobosco*, *Feliche*,
Galeazzo, *Balurdo*, and his Page, at another dore.

Pie. This way shee took: search, my sweete gentleme.
How now *Balurdo*, canſt thou meete with any body?

Bal. As I am true gentleman, I made my horse ſweat,
that he hath nere a dry thread on him: and I can meete
with no liuing creature, but men & beaſtes. In good
ſadneſſe, I would haue ſworne I had ſcene *Mellida* e-
uen now: for I ſawe a thing stirre vnder a hedge, and I
peep't, and I ſpyed a thing: and I peer'd, and I tweerd
vnderneath: and truly a right wiſe man might haue
beene deceiver: for it was

The first part of

Pie. What, in the name of heauen?

Bal. A dun cewe.

Fel. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong Lady passe this way?

Gal. Why speake you not?

Bal. Gods neakes, proud elfe, giue the Duke roun-
rence, stand bare with a

Whogh! heauens blesse me: *Mellida, Mellida.*

Pie. Where man, where?

Balur. Turnd man, turnd man: women weare the
breaches, loe here,

Pie. Light and vnduteous! kneele not, peeuiish elfe,
Speake not, entreat not, shame vnto my house,
Curse to my honour. Where's *Antonio*?

Thou traitresse to my hate, what is he shipt
For England now? well whimpering harlot, hence.

Mell. Good father

Pie. Good me no goods. Seest thou that sprightly
youth: ere thou canst tearme to morrow morning old,
thou shalt call him thy husband, Lord and loue.

Mel. Ay me.

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, gard her safely hence.
Drag her away, ile be your gard to night.
Young Prince, mount vp your spirits, and prepare
To solemnize your Nuptials eue with popine.

Gal. The time is scant: now nimble wits appeare:
Phæbus begins gleame, the welkin's cleare.

Exeunt all, but Balurdo and his Page.

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare: ile my selfe appeare,
Balurdo's selfe, that in quick wit doth surpassse,

Will

Antonio and Mellida.

Will shew the substance of a compleat

Dil. Asse, asse.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly priek

*Dil. Gallantly prickis too long, and stands hardly
in the verse, sir.*

*Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so brauely pranke
it, that ile tosse loue like a pranke, pranke it a rime, for
pranke it?*

Dil. Blankit.

*Bal. That ile tosse loue, like a dogge in a blanket ha
ha, in deede law. I thinke, ha ha, I thinke ha ha, I think
I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it not deade, say,*

Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

¶ Enter Andrugio and Antonio wretched together.

Lucio.

*And. Now, come vntited force of chap-falne death:
Come, power of fretting anguish, leaue distresse,
Q, thus infoulded, we haue breasts of proffe,
Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.*

*Ant. Father, now I haue an antidote,
Gainst all the poyson that the world can breath.
My Mellida, my Mellida doth blefe
This bleak waite with her presence. How now boy,
Why dost thou weep? alas, where's Mellida?*

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

*And. A sudden horror deth intrude my blood,
My sinewes tremble, and my panting heart
Seeds round about my bosome to goe out,*

H

Dreading

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The first Parte of
Dreading the affilant, horrid passion.
O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blowe.
Speake quickly, briefly boy.

Po. Her father found, and sei'd her, she is gone.
And. Son, heat thy bloode, be not frosen vp with grief.
Courage, sweet boy, sinke not beneath the waight
Of crushing mischiefe. O where's thy danteske heart?
Thy fathers spirit! I renounce thy blood,
If thou forsake thy valour.

Lu. See how his grief speakes in his flow-pac't steps;
Alas, tis more than he can utter, let him goe.
Dumbe solitary path best strecth woe.

And. Giue me my armes, my armour *Lucio*.
Lu. Deare Lord, what means this rage, when lacking
Scarce safes your life, will you in armour rise? *ysc.*

And. Fortune feates valour, prefleth cowardize.
Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And meanes to blaze it.

And. Nunquam potest non esse.
Lu. Patience, my Lord, may bring your ills some end.
And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attēd?
Come, let me die like old *Andrugio*.
Worthy my birth. O blood-trouhon'rd graues!
Are farre more blessed then base life of slaves. *Exeunt.*

A C T V S . Q V I N T V S .

*Enter Balthasar, a Painter with two pictures, and
Dido.*

H

Bal.

Antonio and Mellida.

Bal. AND are you a painter sir, can you drawe, can
you drawe?

Pay. Yes sir.

Ba. Indeede lawe? now so can my fathers forehere
horse. And are these the workmanishippe of your
hands?

Payn. I did lymne them.

Bal. Lymne them? a good word, lymne them: whose
picture is this? *Anno Domini* 1599. Belleeue mee,
master *Anno Domini* was of a good settled age when
you lynn'd him. 1599.yeares old: Lets see the other.
Eustis sue 24. Bir Ladie he is somewhat younger. Belike
master *Eustis sue* was *Anno Domini* sonne.

Pa. Is not your master a

Dik. He hath a little procliuitie to him

Pa. Procliuitie, good youth? I thank you for your
courtly procliuitie.

Bal. Approach good sir, I did send for you to drawe
me a devise, an *Impreza*, by *Simecdochē a Mott*. By
Phabius cymfon taffata mantle, I thinke I speake as
melodiously, looke you sir, how thinke you ont? I wold
haue you paint mee, for my devise, a good fat legge of
ewe mutton, swimming in newde broth of plummes
(boy keele your mouth, it runnes ouer) and the word
shall be; *Holde my dish, whilst I spill my pottage*. Sure, in
my conscience, twould be the most sweete devise,
now.

Pa. Twould sent of kitchin-stuffe too much.

Bal. Gods neakes, now I remember mee, I ha-

The first Parte of
the rarest deuile in my head that euer breathed. Can
you paint me a driueling reeling song, & let the word
be, Vn.

Payn. A belch.

Bal. O, monsieur, vñ, paint me vñ, or nothing.

Pay. It can not be done sir, but by a seeming kinde of
drunkennesse.

Bal. No? well, let me haue a good maffeting, with
your owne poesie grauen in it, that muſt ſing a ſmall
treble, wordē for wordē thus; And if you will my
true louer be,
Come followe mee to the greene wodde.

Pa. O Lord, fir, I can not make a picture ſing.
B. Why? z'lid, I haue ſeen painted things ſing as sweet:
But I haūt will tickle it, for a conceipt of a thāt.

Enter Feliche, and Alberto.
Alb. O deare Feliche, giue me thy deuice.
How ſhall I purchase loue of Rossaline?

Fel. S'will, flatter her ſoundly.
Alb. Her loue is ſuch, I can not flatter her:
Bu with my vtmoſt vehemence of ſpeach,
Thaue ador'd her beauties.

Fel. Haue writ good mouing vnaſected, rimcs to
her.

Alb. O, yes, Feliche, but ſhe ſcornes my writ.
Fel. Haſt thou preſented her with lamprouous gifts?

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Fel. O, then I haue fy, haſtell me what to doe.

Alb. What, good Feliche?

Fel. Goe and hang thy ſelfe, I ſay, goe hang thy ſelfe,

If

Antonio and Mellida.

If that thou canst not giue, goe hang thy selfe:
Ile tyme thee dead, or verse thee to the rope.
How thinkst thou of a Poet that sung thus;
Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera fortunam:
Munera solicites Pallada, Cyprus erit.
Munera, munera.

Alb. He goe and breath my woes vnto the rocks,
And spend my griefe vpon the deafeit seas.
He weepe my passion to the senselesse trees,
And load most solitarie ayre with plaints.
For wods, trees, sea, or rocky Appenine,
Is not so ruthlesse as my Rossaline.
Farewell deare friend, expect no more of me,
Here ends my part, in this loues Comedy. *Exit Alb.*

Exit Paynter.

Fel. Now master Balardo, whether are you going, ha?
Bal. Signior Felice, how doe you faith, & by my troth, how doe you?

Fel. Whether art thou going, butly?
Bal. And as heauen helpe mee, how doe you?
How doeyou ifaithhe?

Fel. Whether art going man?
Bal. O god, to the Court, ile be willing to giue you grace and good countrance, if I may but see you in the presence.

Fel. O to court: farewell.
Bal. If you loe me in by yellow raffata dubbler, cut upon carnation vahme, a greene hat, a blewe paine of veluet hose, a gilt rapier, and a worgnge sunny pair of worsted silke stockings, shans I, that s

H3

Fel.

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The first Parte of

Fel. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you shall knowe me as easily, I ha bought
mee a newe greene feather with a red sprig, you shall
see my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches, you
shall know me.

Fel. Very good, very good, farewell.

Bal. Martic in the maske twill be somewhat harde,
But if you heare any bodie speake so wittily, that hec
makes all the roome laugh; that's I, that's I. Farewell
good Signior.

¶ Enter Forobosco, Castilio, a boy carrying a gilt harpe: Piero, Mellida in night apparrell, Rossaline, Flavia, two Pages.

Pier. Aduance the musiques prize, now capring wiks,
Rise to your highest mount; let choyce delight
Garland the browe of this tryumphant night.
Sfoote, a fits like Lucifer himselfe.

Rossa. Good sweete Duke, first let their voyces strain
for musicks price. Giue mee the golden harpe: faith
with your fauour, ile be vmpereſſe.

Pi. Sweet neccce cōtent: boyes cleare your voice & sing.

I. CANTAT.

Rossa. By this gould, I had rather haue a ſervant with a
short noſe, and a thinné haire, then haue ſuch a high
ſtrecht minikin voice.

Pi. Fair neccce, your reaſon?

Rossa.

Antonio and Mellida.

Roff. By the sweete of loue, I should feare extreme-
ly that he were an Eunuch.

Cast. Sparke spirit, how like you his voice?

Roff. Spark spirit, how like you his voice?
So helpe me, youth, thy voice squeakes like a dry cork
shoe: come, come, lets heare the next.

2. CANTAT.

Pic. Trust me, a good strong meane, Well sung my
Boy.

¶ Enter Balurdo.

Bal. Hold, hold, hold: are yee blind, could you not see
my voice comming for the harpe. And I knock not di-
uision on the head, take hence the harpe, make mee a
slip, and let me goe but for nine penee. Sir Marke, strike
vp for master Balurdo.

3. CANTAT.

Judgemēt gentlemen, judgemēt. Wast not aboue line?
Appeale to your mouthes that heard my song.
Doe me right, and dub me knight *Balurdo*.

Roff. Kneele downe, and ile dub thee knight of the
golden harpe.

Bal. Indeed law, doe, and ile make you Ladie of the
Roff. Come, kneele, kneele.

¶ Enter a Page to Balurdo,
Bal. My troth, I thank you, it hath neuēr a whistle in't.
Ro. Nāc, good sweet cuztaine vp your drooping eies,

The first Parte of

& I were at the point of To haue & to hold, from this day forward, I would be ashamed to looke thus lum-pish. What my prettie Cuz, tis but the losse of an od maidenheads shall's daunce: thou art so sad, harke in mine eare. I was about to say, but ile forbearc.

Ba. I come, I come, more then most hunny-suckle sweete Ladies, pine not for my presence, ile returne in pompe. Well spoke sir Jeffrey Balurdo. As I am a true knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to grope mee alreadie. Exit.

Pie. Faith, mad neece, I wonder when thou wilt marrie?

Ros. Faith, kinde vncle, when men abandon ielosy, forsake taking of Tobacco, and cease to weare their beardes so rudely long. Oh, to haue a husband with a mouth continually smoaking, with a bush of furson the ridge of his chinne, readie still to slop into his foaming chaps; ah, tis more than most intollerable.

Pier. Nay faith, sweete neece, I was mightie strong in thought we should haue shut vp night with an ould Comedie: the Prince of Millare shall haue Mellida, & thou shouldest haue

Ros. No bodie, good sweete vncle. I tell you, sir, I haue 39 seruants, and my munkey that makes the for-ties. Now I loue al of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for any thing. One's a passionate foole, and hee flatters mee above beliefe: the second's a teastic ape, and hee railles at me beyond reason: the third's as graue as some Censor, and hee strokcs vp his mustachoes three times, and makes six plots

Antonio and Mellida.

plots of set faces, before he speakes one wise word: the fourth's as dry, as the burre of an heartichoke; the fifth paints, and hath alwaies a good colour for what hee speaks: the sixt

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you thus suspect young gallants worth.

Roff. Oh, when I see one were a perewig, I dreade his haire; another wallowe in a greate slopp, I mistrust the proportion of his thigh; and wears a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, one tricke in euery thing makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.

The Cornets sound a cyner.

¶ Enter Galeazzo, Matzagente, and Balurdo in maskery.

Pier. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there, close.

Mel. In faith, faire sir, I am too sad to daunce.

Pie. How's that, how's that? too sad: By heauen dance, And grace him to, or, goe to, I say no more.

Mell. A burning glasse, the word *splendente Phæbo:* Tis too curious, I conceipt it not.

Gal. Faith, ile tel thee. Ile no longer burne, then youle shaine and smile vpon my loue. For looke yee fairest, by your pure sweets,

I doe not dote vpon your excellencye.

And faith, vnlesse you shed your brightest beames
Of sunny fauour, and acceptiuue grace
Vpon my tender loue, I doe not burne:
Marry but shaine, and ile reflect your beames,

I

With

The first part of

with feruent ardor. Faith I wold be loath to flatter thee faire soule, because I loue, not doat, court like thy husband; which thy father sweares, to morrowe morn I must be. This is all, and now from henceforth, trust me Mellida, Ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

Mell. I trust yee.

Gal. By my troth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now.

Mel. You will speake the liker your selfe.

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescombe, so you will not refuse the bable.

Mel. Nay good sweet, keepe them both, I am enamour'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for this. Lende me your eare.

Rof. A glowe worme, the word? *Splendescit tantum te-nbris.*

Maz. O, Ladie, the glowe worme figurates my valour: which shineth brightest in most darke, dismall and horrid atchieuements.

Roff. Or rather, your glowe worme reprefents your wit, which only seems to haue fire in it, though indeed tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the darke deade night of fooles admiration.

Maz. Ladie, my wit hath spurs, if it were dispos'd to ride you.

Roff. Faith sir, your wits spurs haue but walking ro-wels; dull, blunt, they will not drawe blood: the gentlemen vshers may admit them the Presence, for anie wrong they can doe to Ladies.

Bal. Truely, I haue strained a note aboue Ela, for a deuse wif;

Antonio and Mellida.

uile; looke you, tis a faire rul'd singing booke: the word, *Perfect*, if it were prickt.

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite *Balurdo*, the most rarely shap't *Balurdo*.

Ba. Who, I? No I am not sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*. I am not as well knowne by my wit, as an alehouse by a red lattice. I am not worthy to loue and be belou'd of *Flavia*.

Fla. I will not scorne to fauour such good parts, as are applauded in your rarest selfe.

Bal. Truely, you speake wisely, and like a Iantlewoman of foureteene yeares of age. You know the stone called *lapis*; the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is: and the bird, which the Geometricians cal *Anis*, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heauen: and loue, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote(ther's a word, remote) the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quicke, a little thinge pleaseth a young Ladie, and a smal fauour contenteth an ould Courtier; and so, sweete mistresse I trusse my codpeece point. ¶ *Ester Feliche*.

Pier. What might import this florish? bring vs word.

Fel. Stand away: here's such a companie of fibotes, hulling about this gallesasse of greatnessse, that there's no boarding him.

Doe you heare yon thing call'd, Duke?

Pie. How now blunt *Felsche*, what's the newes?

Fel. Yonder's a knight, hath brought *Andrugio's* head, & craues admittance to your chaire of state.

¶ *Cornets sound a Cyne:* enter *Andrugio* in armour.

The first part of

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous,
Sound all the pleasing instruments of ioy:
Make tryumph, stand on tiptoe whil'st wee meete:
O sight most gratiouſe, O reuenge most sweete!

And. We vowe, by the honour of our birth, to recompence
any man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twentie thou-
sand double Pistolets, and the endeering to our choyſest loue.

Pie. We ſtill with moft vnmou'd resolu'd confirme
Our large munificence: and here breath
A ſad and ſolemne protestation:
When I recall this vowe, O, let our house
Be euen commaunded, ſtained, and trampled on,
As worthleſſe rubbish of nobilitie.

And. Then, here, *Piero*, is Andrugio's head,
Royally casked in a helme of Steele:
Giue me thy loue, and take it. My dauntleſſe soule
Hath that vnbounded vigor in his ſpirits,
That it can beare more ranke indignitie,
With leſſe impatience, then thy cancred hate
Can ſting and venome his vntainted worth,
With the moft viperous ſound of malice. Strike,
O, let no glimfe of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royall breath
Creeping in thy vaines, O ſtifle it.
Be ſtill thy ſelfe, bloodie and trecherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired acte
Of princely pittie. *Piero*, I am come,
To foyle thy house with an eternall blot
Of ſauage crueltie; ſtrike, or bid me ſtrike.
I pray my death; that thy ne're dying shame

Might

Antonio and Mellida.

Might liue immortall to posteritie.

Come, be a princely hangman, stoppe my breath.

O dread thou shame, no more then I dread death.

Pie. We are amaz'd, our royll spirits numm'd,
In stiffe astonisht wonder at thy prowesse,
Most mightie, valiant, and high towring heart.
We blush, and turne our hate vpon our selues,
For hating such an vnpeer'd excellencye.
I ioy my state: him whome I loath'd before,
That now I honour, loue; nay more, adore.

*T*he still Flutes sound a mournfull Cynet. Enter
a Coffin.

But stay: what tragick spectacle appeares,
Whose bodie beare you in that mournefull hearse?

Lu. The breathlesse trunke of young *Antonio*.

Mell. Antonio (aye me) my Lord, my loue, my

And. Sweete pretious issue of most honor'd blood,
Rich hope, ripe vertue, O vntimely losse.

Come hither friend. Pree thee doe not weepe:

Why, I am glad hee's deade, he shall not see

His fathers vanquisht, by his enemie.

Euen in princely honour, nay pree thee speake.

How dy'd the wretched boy?

Lu. My Lord

And. I hope he dyed yet like my sonne, ifaith.

Lu. Alas, my Lord

And. He died vnforst, I trust, and valiantly.

Lu. Poore gentleman, being

And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull,

His thoughts recle, fearefull when he struck the stroke?

The first part of

And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse,
Rip vp his cearecloth, mangle his bleake face;
That when he comes to heauen, the powers diuino
Shall nere take notice that he was my sonne.
Ile quite disclaime his birth: nay pree thee speake:
And twere not hoopt with steel, my brest wold break.

Mel. O that my spirit in a sigh could mount,
Into the Spheare, where thy sweet soule doth rest.

Pie. O that my teares, bedeawing thy wan checke,
Could make new spirit sprout in thy could blood.

Bal. Verely, he lookes as pittifullly, as a poore *John*: as
I am true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.

And. Villaine, tis thou hast murdred my sonne.
Thy vntreleenting spirit, thou black dogge,
That took'st no passion of his fatall loue)
Hath forst him giue his life vntimely end.

Pie. Oh that my life, her loue, my dearest blood
Would but redeeme one minute of his breath.

Ant. I feize that breath. Stād not amaz'd, great states:
I rise from death, that never liu'd till now.

Piero, keepe thy vowe, and I enjoy
More vnexpressed height of happinessse,
Then power of thought can reach: if not, loe here
There stands my toumbe, and here a pleasing stage:
Most wisht spectators of my Tragedie,
To this end haue Ifain'd, that her faire eye,
For whome I liu'd, might bleffe me ere I die.

Mell, Can breath depaint my vncōceiued thoughts?
Can words describe my infinite delight,
Offseeing thee, my Lord *Antonio*?

Antonio and Mellida.

O no; concept, breath, passion, words be dumbe,
Whil'st I instill the deawe of my sweete blisse,
In the soft pressure of a melting kisse;
Sic sic inuas ire sub umbras.

Pie. Faire sonne (now Ile be proud to call thee sonne)
Enioy me thus; my verie breast is thine:
Posseſſe me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father,

And. Sweet son, sweet son; I can speake no more:
My ioyes passion flowes abouie the shoare,
And choakes the current of my speach-

Pie. Young Florence prince, to you my lips must beg,
For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought,
So helpē me faith, the naked truth Ilevnfold;
He that was nere hot, will foone be cold.

Pie. No man els makes claime vnto her.

Matz. The valiant speake truth in briefe :no
Bal. Trulie, for sir Jeffrey Balurdo, he disclaimes to haue
had anie thing in her,

Pie. Then here I give her to *Antonio*.
Royall, valiant, most respected prince,
Let's clippe our hands; Ile thus obserue my vowes;
I promis'd twentie thousand double Pistolets,
With the indeering to my dearest loue,
To him that brought thy head; thine be the golde,
To solemnize our houses vnitie:
My loue be thine, the all I haue be thine.
Fill vs fresh wine, the forme weele take by this:
Weele drinke a health, while they two sip a kisse.

The first part of

Now, therer remaines no discord that can sound
Harsh accents to the eare of our accord:
So please your neece to match.

Ros. Troth vncle, when my sweet fac't cuz hath tolde
me how she likes the thing, call'd wedlock; may be I'll
take a suruey of the checkroll of my seruants; & he that
hath the best parts of, Ile pricke him downe for my
husband.

Bal. For passion of loue now, remember me to my
mistresse, Lady Rossaline, when she is pricking downe the
good parts of her seruants. As I am true knight, I grow
stiffe: I shall carry it.

Pie. I will.

Sound Lidian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On Nectar streames of your sweete ayres, to flote.

Ant. Here ends the comick crosses of true loue:
Ohmay the passage most succesfull proue.

FINIS.

Epilogus.

*G*entlemen, though I remaine an armed Epilogue, I
stand not as a peremptory challenger of deseru, either for
him that composed the Comedy, or for vs that acted it: but
a most submissive supplicant for both. What imperfections you
haue scene in vrgane with vs, & weeke amend it; what haib
pleased you, take with you, & cherishe it. You shall not be more
ready to embrace any thing commendable, then we will endea-
vour to amend all things reprovable. Yh haue we are, is by your
favour. What we shall be, rests all in your applauisue incon-
tagements.

Exit.

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